Addison's Elegy. 1719.

1608/5169

A

Paſtoral ELEGY on the Death of Mr. Joſeph Addiſon:

IN A

DIALOGUE,

Between Sir Richard Steel, and Mr. Alexander Pope.

By Mr. ALAN RAMSEY.

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Richy.

WHat gars thee look ſae dowf, dear *Sandy* ſay,
Chear up dull Fellow, take thy Reed and play,
My *Apron-Deary* or ſome wanton tune,
Be merry Lad and keep thy heart aboon.

Sandy.

'Na, na, it winna do, leave me to mane,
This aught days twice, o'er tell'd I'll whiſtle nane.

Richy.

Wow Man, that's unco ſad, is that yer Jo,
Has ta'en the ſtrunt, or has ſame Bogle bo,
Glowrin frae mang auld waws gi'en ye a Fleg,
Or has ſome dawted *Wedder* broke his Leg.

Sandy.

Nathing like that, ſic Troubles eith were born,
What's Boggles, Wedders, or what's Maggy's ſcorn,
Our loſs is mickle mair, and paſt remeed,
Edie that play'd and ſang ſae ſweet is Dead.

Richy.

Dead ſay'ſt thou! Ah! had up my heart O *Pan*,
Ye God's what Laids the lig on Feckleſs Man!
Alack therefore, I canna wy't yer wae,
I'll bear ye Company for a Year and Day.
A better Lad neer lean'd out o'er a *Kent*,
Or hound a Colly o'er the *Moſſy-bent*.
Blith at the Bought how aft ha we three been
Hartſome on Hills, and Gay upon the Green.

Sandy.

That's true indeed, but now thae Days are gane,
And with him a that's pleaſant on the Plain.

A Summer day I never thought it lang,
To hear him make a Roundal or a Sang.
How ſweet he ſang ! where Vines and Mirtells grow,
And wimpling Waters which in *Latium* flow.
Titry the *Mantuan* Bard wha lang ſin Syne,
Beſt ſung on aeten Reed the Lovers Pine.
Had he been to the fore now in our Days,
Wi *Edie* he had frankly dealt his Bays.
As lang the Warld ſhall *Amaryllis* ken,
His *Roſamond* ſhall Eccho thro' the *Glen*.
While on *Bunn* banks the yellow *Gowan* grows,
Or wandring Lambs rin bleeting after *E'ws*;
His Fame ſhall laſt, laſt ſhall his Sang of Weirs,
While *Britiſh* Barns bragg of their bould Forbears.
W'ell mickle miſs his blith and witty Jeſt,
At *Spaining-time* or at our *Lammaſs* Feaſt.
O *Richy!* but tis hard that Death, ay! reaves,
Away the beſt Fouck, and the illyanes leaves.
Hing down your Heads, ye Hills, greet out yir Springs,
Upon yer Edge, na mair the Sheppard ſings.

Richy.

Then he had ay a good adviſe to gie,
He kend my thoughts a maiſt as well as me.
Had I been thowleſs vext or ought lines ſour,
He wad ha'e made me blith in half an hour.
Had *Roſie* ta'en the Dorts, or had the *Tod*,
Worry'd my Lamb, or were my Feet ill ſhod.
Kindly he'd laugh, when ſae he ſaw me dwine,
And tauk of happyneſs like a Divine.
Of ilk a thing he had an unco Skill,
He kend by Moon light how Tides eb and fill.

He kend, what kend he no? Een to a Hair,
He'd tell o'er Night gin nieſt Day wad be fair.
Blind *John* ye mind, wha ſang in *Kittle Phraſe*
How the ill Spirit did th' firſt miſchief raiſe.
Many a Time beneath the auld *Birk-Tree*,
What's bonny in that Sang he loot me ſee.
The Laſſes aft ſlang down their Rakes and Pales,
And held their Tongues, O ſtrange! to hear his Tales.

Sandy.

Sound be his Sleep and ſaft his wakning be,
He's in a better Caſe than thee or me:
He was o'er good for us, the God's hae ta'en.
Their ain but back, he was a borrowed Len.
Let us be good gin Virtue be our Drift,
Then may we get forgether boon the lift.
But ſee the Sheep are wyſing to the Cleugh,
Thomas has looſe'd his Ouſen frae the Pough.
Maggy be this has bak'd the Supper Scones,
And nuckle Ky ſtand rowting on the Lones.
Come *Richy* let us truſe and hame o'er bend,
And make the beſt of what we canna mend.

FINIS.